

THE HUMAN HARVEST.

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Science is wisdom set in order. It is known as science by its orderly arrangement, but above and beyond all matters of arrangement the wisdom itself must take rank. Wisdom is the essence of human experience, the contact of mind with the order of nature. Of all men of his time, Benjamin Franklin was preëminently a man of wisdom. By the same token the first leader in science in America, he still takes rank with the greatest.

So in this time of historic recognition, it is proper that a speaker of to-day should find his message in the words of Benjamin Franklin, and the message I choose is one for which this City of Philadelphia has always stood and from which it has taken its Greek name, the name which in classical phrase says with a single word that men are brothers worthy of our love. It is a message for which the State of Pennsylvania has always stood, for the same principle was embodied in the life of William Penn. This has always been a Quaker City, and the Quakers, the Friends, have been our best apostles of the gospel of "peace on earth, good will towards men," the culmination of social and political wisdom.

Benjamin Franklin once said, "All war is bad; some wars worse than others." Then, once again, in more explicit terms, referring to the dark shadow of war cast over scenes of peace, the evil of the standing army, Franklin said to Baynes:

"If one power singly were to reduce its standing army it would be instantly overrun by other nations. Yet I think there is one effect of a standing army which must in time be felt so as to bring about the abolition of the system. A standing army not only diminishes the population of a country, but even the size and breed of the human species. For an army is the flower of the nation. All

¹ Parton's "Life of Franklin," II, p. 572.

the most vigorous, stout, and well-made men in a kingdom are to be found in the army, and these men in general cannot marry.”¹

What is true of standing armies is far more true of armies that fight and fall; for as Franklin said again, “Wars are not paid for in war times: the bill comes later.”

In the discussion of the principles involved in Franklin’s words, I must lay before you four fragments of history, three stories told because they are true, and one parable not true, but told for the lesson it teaches. And this is the first: Once there was a man strong, wealthy and patient, who dreamed of a finer type of horse than had ever yet existed. This horse should be handsome, clean-limbed, intelligent, docile, strong and swift. These traits were to be not those of one horse alone, a number of a favored equine aristocracy, they were to be “bred in the bone” so that they would continue from generation to generation, the attributes of a special common type of horse. And with this dream ever before his waking eyes, he invoked for his aid, the four twin genii of organic life, the four by which all the magic of transformism of species has been accomplished either in nature or in art. And these forces once in his service, he left to their control all the plans included in his great ambition. These four genii or fates are not strangers to us, nor were they new to the human race. Being so great and so strong, they are invisible to all save those who seek them. Men who deal with them after the fashion of science give them commonplace names, variation, heredity, segregation, selection.

Because not all horses are alike, because in fact no two were ever quite the same, the first appeal was made to the genius of Variation. Looking over the world of horses, he found to his hand Kentucky race horses, clean-limbed, handsome and fleet, some more so and others less. So those which had the most of the virtues of the horse which was to be were chosen to be blended in new creation. Then again, he found thoroughbred horses of Arabian stock, hardy and strong and intelligent. These virtues were needed in the production of the perfect horse. And here came the need of the second genius, who is called Heredity. With the crossing of the racer with the thoroughbred, all qualities of both were blended

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in the progeny. The next generation partook of all desirable traits and again of undesirable ones as well. Some the one, and some the other, for sire and dam alike had given the stamp of its own kind and for the most part in equal degree. But again never in a degree quite equal, and in some measure these matters varied with each sire and each dam, and with each colt of all their progeny. It was found that the progeny of the mare called Beautiful Bells excelled all others in retaining all that was good in fine horses, and in rejecting all that a noble horse should not have. And like virtues were attached to the sires called Palo Alto, Electricity and Electioneer.

But there were horses and horses; horses not of the chosen breed, and should these enter the fold with their common blood it would endanger all that had been already accomplished. For the ideal horse mating with the common horse controls at the best but half the traits of the progeny. If the strain were to be established, the vulgar horse flesh must be kept away, and only the best remain in association with the best. Thus Segregation, the third of the genii was called into service lest the successes of this herd be lost in the failure of some other.

Under the spell of Heredity all the horses partook of the charm of Beautiful Bells and of Electricity and of Palo Alto, for firmly and persistently all others were banished from their presence. There were some who were not strong, some who were not sleek, some who were not fleet, some who were not clean-limbed, nor docile, nor intelligent. At least, they were not so to the degree which the dream of fair horses demanded. By the force of Selection, all such were sent away. Variation was always at work making one colt unlike another; Heredity made each colt a blend or mosaic of traits of sire and of grandsires and granddams; Selection left only good traits to form this mosaic, and the grandsire and granddam, sire and dam, and the rest of the ancestry lived their lives again in the expanding circle of descent.

Thus in the final result, the horses who were left were the horses of their owner's dream. The future of the breed was fixed, and fixed at the beginning by the very framing of the conditions under

which it lived. It is variation which gives better as well as worse. It is heredity which saves all that has been attained—for better or for worse. It is selection by which better triumphs over worse, and it is segregation which protects the final result from falling again into the grasp of the general average. In all this, selection is the vital moving changing force. It throws the shaping of the future on the individual chosen by the present. The horse who is left marks the future of his kind. The history of the steed is an elongation of the history of those who are chosen for parentage. And with the best of the best chosen for parentage, the best of the best appears in the progeny. The horse-harvest is good in each generation. As the seed we sow, so shall we reap.

And this story is true, known to thousands of men. And it will be true again just as often as men may try to carry it into experiment. And it will be true not of horses alone, for the four fates which guide and guard life have no partiality for horses but work just as persistently for cattle or sheep, or plums or roses, or calla or cactus, as they do for horses or for men. From the very beginning of life they have wrought untiringly—and in your life and in mine—in the grass of the field, the trees of the forest—in bird and beast, everywhere we find the traces of their energy.

And this brings me to my second story, which is not true as history, but only in its way as parable.

There was once a man—strenuous no doubt, but not wise, for he did not give heed to the real nature of things and so he set himself to do by his own unaided hand the work which only the genii can accomplish. And this man possessed also a stud of horses. They were docile, clean-limbed, fleet, and strong and he would make them still more strong and swift. So he rode them swiftly with all his might—day and night, always on the course, always pushed to the utmost, leaving only the dull and sluggish to remain in the stalls. For it was his dream to fill these horses with the spirit of action, with the glory of swift motion, that this glory might be carried on and on to the last generation of horses. There were some who could not keep the pace, and to these and these alone he assigned the burden of bearing colts. And the feeble and the broken, the

dull of wit, the coarse of limb, became each year the mothers of the colts. The horses who were chosen for the race-course he trained with every care, and every stroke of discipline showed itself in the flashing eyes and straining muscles, such were the best horses. But the other horses were the horses who were left. From their loins came the next generation and with these then was less fire and less speed than the first horses possessed in such large measure. But still the rush went on—whip and spur made good the lack of native movement. The racers still pushed on the course, while in the stalls and paddocks at home, the dull and common horses bore their dull and common colts. Variation was still at work with these as patiently as ever. Heredity followed, repeating faithfully whatever was left to her. Segregation, always conservative, guarded her own, but could not make good the deficiencies. Selection, forced to act perversely, chose for the future the worst and not the best, as was her usual fashion. So the current of life ran steadily downward. The herd was degenerating because it was each year an inferior herd which bred. Each generation yielded weaker colts, rougher, duller, clumsier colts, and no amount of training or lash or whip or spur made any permanent difference for the better. The *horse-harvest* was bad. Thoroughbred and race-horse gave place to common beasts, for in the removal of the noble the ignoble always finds its opportunity. It is always the horse that remains which determines the future of the stud.

In like fashion from the man who is left flows the current of human history.

This tale then is a parable, a story of what never was, but which is always trying to become true.

Once there was a great king—and the nation over which he bore rule lay on the flanks of a mountain range, spreading across fair hills and valleys green and fertile across to the Mediterranean Sea. And the men of his race, fair and strong, self-reliant and self-confident, men of courage and men of action, were men "who knew no want they could not fill for themselves." They knew none on whom they looked down, and none to whom they regarded themselves inferior. And for all things which men could accomplish,

these plowmen of the Tiber and the Apennines felt themselves fully competent and adequate. "Vir," they called themselves in their own tongue, and *virile*, virilis, men like them are called to this day. It was the weakling and the slave who was crowded to the wall; the man of courage begat descendents. In each generation and from generation to generation the human harvest was good. And the great wise king who ruled them; but here my story halts—for there was no king. There could be none. For it was written, men fit to be called men, men who are *Vires*, "are too self-willed, too independent, and too self-centred to be ruled by anybody but themselves." Kings are for weaklings, not for men. Men free-born control their own destinies. "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings." For it was later said of these same days: "there was a Brutus once, who would have brooked the Eternal Devil to take his seat in Rome, as easily as a king." And so there was no king to cherish and control these men his subjects. The spirit of freedom was the only ruler they knew, and this spirit being herself metaphoric called to her aid the four great genii which create and recreate nations. Variation was ever at work, while heredity held fast all that she developed. Segregation in her mountain fastnesses held the world away, and selection chose the best and for the best purposes, casting aside the weakly, and the slave, holding the man for the man's work, and ever the man's work was at home, building the cities, subduing the forests, draining the marshes, adjusting the customs and statutes, preparing for the new generations. So the men begat sons of men after their own fashion, and the men of strength and courage were ever dominant. The Spirit of Freedom was a wise master, cares wisely for all that he controls.

So in the early days, when Romans were men, when Rome was small, without glory, without riches, without colonies and without slaves, these were the days of Roman greatness.

Then the Spirit of Freedom little by little gave way to the Spirit of Domination. Conscious of power, men sought to exercise it, not on themselves but on one another. Little by little, this meant banding together, aggression, suppression, plunder, struggle, glory, and

all that goes with the pomp and circumstance of war. The individuality of men was lost in the aggrandizement of the few. Independence was swallowed up in ambition, patriotism came to have a new meaning. It was transferred from the hearth and home to the trail of the army.

It does not matter to us now what were the details of the subsequent history of Rome. We have now to consider only a single factor. In science, this factor is known as "reversal of selection." "Send forth the best ye breed!" That was the word of the Roman war-call. And the spirit of Domination took these words literally, and the best were sent forth. In the conquests of Rome, *Vir*, the real man, went forth to battle and to the work of foreign invasion, *Homo*, the human being, remained in the farm and the workshop and begat the new generations. Thus "Vir gave place to Homo." The sons of real men gave place to the sons of scullions, stable-boys, slaves, camp-followers, and the riff-raff of those the great victorious army does not want.

The fall of Rome was not due to luxury, effeminacy, corruption, the wickedness of Nero and Caligula, the weakness of the train of Constantine's worthless descendants. It was fixed at Philippi, when the spirit of domination was victorious over the spirit of freedom. It was fixed still earlier, in the rise of consuls and triumvirates and the fall of the simple sturdy self-sufficient race who would brook no arbitrary ruler. When the real men fell in war, or were left in far-away colonies, the life of Rome still went on. But it was a different type of Roman which continued it, and this new type repeated in Roman history its weakling parentage.

"It is puerile," says Charles Ferguson, "to suppose that kingdoms are made by kings. The kings could do nothing if the mob did not throw up its cap when the king rides by. The king is consented to by the mob, because of that in him which is mob-like. The mob loves glory and prizes, so does the king. If he loved beauty and justice, the mob would shout for him while the fine words were sounding in the air, but he could never celebrate a jubilee or establish a dynasty. When the crowd gets ready to demand justice and beauty, it becomes a democracy and has done with kings."

Thus we read in Roman history the rise of the mob and of the emperor who is the mob's exponent. It is not the presence of the emperor which makes imperialism. It is the absence of the people, the want of men. Babies in their day have been emperors. A wooden image would serve the same purpose. More than once it has served it. The decline of a people can have but one cause, the decline in the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of cattle can degenerate in no other way than this, and a race of men is under the same laws. By the rise in absolute power, as a sort of historical barometer, we may mark the decline in the breed of the people. We see this in the history of Rome. The conditional power of Julius Cæsar, resting on his own tremendous personality, showed that the days were past of Cincinnatus and of Junius Brutus. The power of Augustus showed the same. But the decline went on. It is written that "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." The emperor in the time of Claudius and Caligula was not the strong man who held in check all lesser men and organizations. He was the creature of the mob, and the mob, intoxicated with its own work, worshipped him as divine. Doubtless the last emperor, Augustulus Romulus, before he was thrown into the scrap-heap of history, was regarded in the mob's eyes and his own as the most godlike of them all.

What have the historians to say of these matters? Very few have grasped the full significance of their own words, for very few have looked on men as organisms, and on nations as dependent on the specific character of the organisms destined for their reproduction.

So far as I know, Benjamin Franklin was the first to think of man thus as an inhabitant, a species in nature among other species and dependent on nature's forces as other animals and other inhabitants must be.

In Otto Seeck's great history of "The Downfall of the Ancient World" (*Der Untergang der Antiken Welt*), he finds this downfall due solely to the rooting out of the best ("Die Ausrottung der Besten"). The historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or any other empire is engaged solely with the details of the process by which the best men are exterminated. Speaking of Greece, Dr. Seeck says, "A wealth of force of spirit went down in

the suicidal wars." "In Rome, Marius and Cinna slew the aristocrats by hundreds and thousands. Sulla destroyed the democrats, and not less thoroughly. Whatever of strong blood survived, fell as an offering to the proscription of the Triumvirate." "The Romans had less of spontaneous force to lose than the Greeks. Thus desolation came to them sooner. Whoever was bold enough to rise politically in Rome was almost without exception thrown to the ground. *Only cowards remained and from their brood came forward the new generations.* Cowardice showed itself in lack of originality and in slavish following of masters and traditions."

The Romans of the Republic could not have made the history of the Roman Empire. In their hands it would have been still a republic. Could they have held aloof from world-conquering schemes, Rome might have remained a republic, enduring even to our own day. The seeds of destruction lie not in the race nor in the form of government, but in the influences by which the best men are cut off from the work of parenthood.

"The Roman Empire," says Seeley, "perished for want of men." The dire scarcity of men is noted even by Julius Cæsar. And at the same time it is noted that there are men enough. Rome was filling up like an overflowing marsh. Men of a certain type were plenty, "people with guano in their composition," to use Emerson's striking phrase, but the self-reliant farmers, the hardy dwellers on the flanks of the Apennines, the Roman men of the early Roman days, these were fast going, and with the change in the breed came the change in Roman history.

"The mainspring of the Roman army for centuries had been the patient strength and courage, capacity for enduring hardships, instinctive submission to military discipline of the population that lined the Apennines."

With the Antonines came "a period of sterility and barrenness in human beings." "*The human harvest was bad.*" Bounties were offered for marriage. Penalties were devised against race-suicide. "Marriage," says Metellus, "is a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge." Wars were conducted in the face of a declining birth rate, and this decline in quality and quan-

tity of the human harvest engaged very early the attention of the wise men of Rome.

"The effect of the wars was that the ranks of the small farmers were decimated, while the number of slaves who did not serve in the army multiplied" (Bury).

Thus "*Vir* gave place to *Homo*," real men to mere human beings. There were always men enough such as they were. "A hencoop will be filled, whatever the (original) number of hens," said Benjamin Franklin. And thus the mob filled Rome. No wonder the mob-leader, the mob-hero rose in relative importance. No wonder "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." No wonder that "if Tiberius chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions."

"Government having assumed godhead took at the same time the appurtenances of it. Officials multiplied. Subjects lost their rights. Abject fear paralyzed the people and those that ruled were intoxicated with insolence and cruelty." "The worst government is that which is most worshipped as divine." "The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force over which citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties." "There runs through Roman literature a brigand's and barbarian's contempt for honest industry." "Roman civilization was not a creative kind, it was military, that is destructive." What was the end of it all? The nation bred real men no more. To cultivate the Roman fields "whole tribes were borrowed." The man of the quick eye and the strong arm, gave place to the slave, the scullion, the pariah, the man with the hoe, the man whose lot does not change because in him there lies no power to change it. "Slaves have wrongs, but freemen alone have rights." So at the end the Roman world yielded to the barbaric, because it was weaker in force. "The barbarians settled and peopled the barbaric rather than conquered it." And the process is recorded in history as the fall of Rome.

"Out of every hundred thousand strong men, eighty thousand were slain. Out of every hundred thousand weaklings, ninety to ninety-five thousand were left to survive." This is Dr. Seeck's cal-

culatation, and the biological significance of such mathematics must be evident at once. Dr. Seeck speaks with scorn of the idea that Rome fell from the decay of old age, from the corruption of luxury, from neglect of military tactics or from the over-diffusion of culture.

"It is inconceivable that the mass of Romans suffered from over-culture." "In condemning the sinful luxury of wealthy Romans, we forget that the trade-lords of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were scarcely inferior in this regard to Lucullus and Apicius, their waste and luxury not constituting the slightest check to the advance of the nations to which these men belonged. The people who lived in luxury in Rome were scattered more thinly than in any modern state of Europe. The masses lived at all times more poorly and frugally because they could do nothing else. Can we conceive that a war force of untold millions of people is rendered effeminate by the luxury of a few hundreds?"

"Too long have historians looked on the rich and noble as marking the fate of the world. Half the Roman Empire was made up of rough barbarians untouched by Greek or Roman culture."

"Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the empire can be traced is a physical not a moral decay. In valor, discipline and science the Roman armies remained what they had always been and the peasant emperors of Illyricum were worthy successors of Cincinnatus and Caius Marius. But the problem was, how to replenish those armies. Men were wanting. The Empire perished for want of men" (Seeley).

Does history ever repeat itself? It always does if it is true history. If it does not we are dealing not with history but with mere succession of incidents. Like causes produce like effects, just as often as may choose to test them. Whenever men use a nation for the test, poor seed yields a poor fruition. Where the weakling and the coward survives in human history, there "the human harvest is bad," and it can never be otherwise.

The finest Roman province, a leader in the Roman world, was her colony of Hispania. What of Spain in history? What of Spain to-day? "This is Castile," said a Spanish writer, "she makes men

and wastes them." "This sublime and terrible phrase," says another writer, "sums up Spanish history."

In 1630, according to Captain Calkins, the Augustinian friar, La Puente, thus summed up the fate of Spain:

"Against the credit for redeemed souls, I set the cost of armadas and the sacrifice of soldiers and friars sent to the Philippines. And this I count the chief loss: for mines give silver and forests give timber, but only Spain gives Spaniards, and she may give so many that she may be left desolate and constrained to bring up strangers' children instead of her own."

Another of the noblest of Roman provinces was Gallia, the favored land, in which the best of the Romans, the Franks and the Northmen have mingled their blood to produce a nation of men, hopefully leaders in the arts of peace, fatally leaders also in the arts of war.

To-day we are told by Frenchmen that France is a decadent nation. This is a confession of judgment, not an accusation of hostile rivals. It does not mean that the slums of Paris are destructive of human life. That we know elsewhere. Each great city has its great burdens, and these fall hard on those at the bottom of the layers of society. There is degradation in all great cities, but the great cities are not the whole of France. It is claimed that the decadence is deep-seated, not individual. It is said that the birth-rate is steadily falling, that the average stature of men is lower by two inches at least than it was a century ago, that the physical force is less among the peasants at their homes. Legoyt tells us that "it will take long periods of peace and plenty before France can recover the tall statures mowed down in the wars of the republic and the first empire." What is the cause of all this? Intemperance, vice, misdirected education, bureaucracy and the rush toward ready made careers? These may be symptoms. They are not causes. Demolins asks in that clever volume of his: "In what constitutes the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon?" Before we answer this, let us inquire in what constitutes the inferiority of the Latin races? If we admit this inferiority exists in any degree, and if we answer it in any degree, we find in the background the causes of the fall of Greece, the fall of Rome, the fall of Spain. We find the spirit of domina-

tion, the spirit of glory, the spirit of war, the final survival of subserviency, of cowardice and of sterility. The man who is left holds in his grasp the history of the future. The evolution of a race is always selective, never collective. Collective evolution among men or beasts, the movement upward or downward of the whole as a whole, irrespective of training or selection does not exist. As Lepouge has said, "It exists in rhetoric, not in truth nor in history."

The survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is the primal moving cause of race progress and of race changes. In the red stress of human history, this natural process of selection is sometimes reversed. A reversal of selection is the beginning of degradation. It is degradation itself. Can we see the fall of Rome in the downfall of France? Let us look again at the history. A single short part of it will be enough. It will give us the clue to the rest.

In the Wiertz gallery in Brussels is a wonderful painting, dating from the time of Waterloo, called *Napoleon in Hell*. It represents the great marshal with folded arms and face unmoved descending slowly to the land of the shades. Before him, filling all the background of the picture with every expression of countenance are the men sent before him by the unbridled ambition of Napoleon. Three millions and seventy thousand there were in all—so history tells us, more than half of them Frenchmen. They are not all shown in one picture. They are only hinted at. And behind the millions shown or hinted at are the millions on millions of men who might have been and are not—the huge widening human wedge of the possible descendants of the men who fell in battle. These men of Napoleon's armies were the youth without blemish, "the best that the nation could bring," chosen as "food for powder," "ere evening to be trampled like the grass," in the rush of Napoleon's great battles. These men came from the plow, from the work-shop, from the school, the best there were—those from eighteen to thirty-five years of age at first, but afterwards the older and the younger. "A boy will stop a bullet as well as a man"; this maxim is accredited to Napoleon. "The more vigorous and well born a young man is," says Novicow, "the more normally constituted, the greater his chance to be slain by musket or magazine, the rifled cannon and other similar engines of civilization." Among those destroyed by Napoleon were "the élite

of Europe." "Napoleon," says Otto Seeck, "in a series of years seized all the youth of high stature and left them scattered over many battle fields, so that the French people who followed them are mostly men of smaller stature. More than once in France since Napoleon's time has the military limit been lowered."

I need not tell again the story of Napoleon's campaigns. It began with the United States, the justice and helpfulness of the Code Napoléon, the prowess of the brave lieutenant whose military skill and intrepidity had caused him to deserve well of his nation.

The spirit of freedom gave way to the spirit of domination. The path of glory is one which descends easily. Campaign followed campaign, against enemies, against neutrals, against friends. The trail of glory crossed the Alps to Italy and to Egypt, crossed Switzerland to Austria, crossed Germany to Russia. Conscription followed victory and victory and conscription debased the human species. "*The human harvest was bad.*" The first consul became the emperor. The servant of the people became the founder of the dynasty. Again conscription after conscription. "Let them die with arms in their hands. Their death is glorious, and it will be avenged. You can always fill the places of soldiers." These were Napoleon's words when Dupont surrendered his army in Spain to save the lives of a doomed battalion.

More conscription. After the battle of Wagram, we are told, the French began to feel their weakness, the Grand Army was not the army which fought at Ulm and Jena. "Raw conscripts raised before their time and hurriedly drafted into the line had impaired its steadiness."

On to Moscow,¹ "amidst ever-deepening misery they struggled on, until of the 600,000 men who had proudly crossed the Niemen for the conquest of Russia, only 20,000 famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres staggered across the bridge of Korno in the middle of December."

"Despite the loss of the most splendid army marshalled by man, Napoleon abated no whit of his resolve to dominate Germany and discipline Russia. ". . . He strained every effort to call the youth

¹ These quotations are from the "History of Napoleon," I, by J. H. Rose.

of the empire to arms . . . and 350,000 conscripts were promised by the Senate. The mighty swirl of the Moscow campaign sucked in 150,000 lads of under twenty years of age into the devouring vortex." "The peasantry gave up their sons as food for cannon." But "many were appalled at the frightful drain on the nation's strength." "In less than half a year after the loss of half a million men a new army nearly as numerous was marshalled under the imperial eagles. But the majority were young, untrained troops, and it was remarked that the conscripts born in the year of Terror had not the stamina of the earlier levies. Brave they were, superbly brave, and the emperor sought by every means to breathe into them his indomitable spirit." "Truly the emperor could make boys heroes, but he could never repair the losses of 1812." "Soldiers were wanting, youths were dragged forth." The human harvest was at its very worst.

And the sequel of it all is the decadence of France. In the presence of war—of war on such a mighty ruthless and ruinous scale—one does not have to look far to find in what constitutes the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. And we see the truth in Franklin's words, the deeper truth of their deeper wisdom: "Men do not pay for war in war time; the bill comes later."

Another wise man, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has used these words: "Man has but one future, and that is predetermined in his lobes." "All the privilege and all the legislation in the world cannot meddle or help. How shall a man escape from his ancestors or draw off from his veins the black drop?"

It is related that Guizot once asked this question of James Russell Lowell, "How long will the republic endure?" "So long as the ideas of its founders remain dominant," was the answer. But again we have this question: "How long will the ideas of its founders remain dominant?" Just so long as the blood of the founders remains dominant in the blood of its people. Not necessarily the blood of the Puritans and the Virginians alone, the original creators of the land of free states. We must not read our history so narrowly as that. It is the blood of free-born men, be they Roman, Frank, Saxon, Norman, Dane, Goth or Samurai. It is a free stock which creates a free nation. Our republic shall endure so long as the

human harvest is good, so long as the movement of history, the progress of peace and industry leaves for the future not the worst but the best of each generation. The Republic of Rome lasted so long as there were Romans, the Republic of America will last so long as its people, in blood and in spirit, remain what we have learned to call Americans.

By the law of probabilities as developed by Quetelet, there will appear in each generation the same number of potential poets, artists, investigators, patriots, athletes and superior men of each degree.

But this law involves the theory of continuity of paternity, that in each generation a percentage practically equal of men of superior force or superior mentality should survive to take the responsibilities of parenthood. Otherwise Quetelet's law becomes subject to the operation of another law, the operation of reversed selection, or the biological "law of diminishing returns." In other words, breeding from an inferior stock is the sole agency in race degeneration, as selection natural or artificial along one line or another is the sole agency in race progress.

And all laws of probabilities and of averages are subject to a still higher law, the primal law of biology, which no cross-current of life can overrule or modify: *Like the seed is the harvest.*